



# Puck

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THE "FAKE" BEGGAR.

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#### THE SITUATION IN THE ORIENT.

FROM Shantung back to old Kong Chang,  
From Ting Ling to Ding Dong,  
From Kin Chau out to great Go Bang,  
From Ping up to Sing Song;

In all the verdant valley where  
The Hoang Ho rolls free,  
Among the scented gardens fair  
Kissed by the great Yang Tse;

From Pooh Pooh to the heights of Sin,  
In Whoop-Pee's sleepy bowers,  
The Chinaman is taking in  
The concert of the Powers.

W. G. Brooks.



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#### STIMULATES THOUGHT.

SAM.—Golly! It's sing'ler how a rooster crowin' affects me!  
It beats all de tonics in de worl' fer givin' a feller an appetite!

#### A CASE OF MUST.

"The boss," said the politician, "will keep his hands off. What the convention does, he wants done spontaneously."

"Oh! does he?" said the other party. "Then, I suppose, the delegates will have to do it that way."

#### FRAIL HUMAN NATURE.

IKEV.—Fader, do you t'ink it vos true dot effery man has his brice?

HIS FATHER.—Vell, a good many of dem has; undt, vot's more, dey can be Chewed down.

#### A GOOD LOCATION.

"Put not your trust in princes,"

The poet used to tell;

We don't; 't is found by magnates  
New Jersey answers well.

#### INDISPENSABLE.

FIRST CITIZEN.—We are sending missionaries in constantly increasing numbers to all parts of the globe.

SECOND CITIZEN.—Yes, indeed! Come to think of it, we do need a larger army!



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THE EAGLE.—Say, old man! you want to put out the "Standing Room Only" sign.





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### EVERYTHING ARRANGED.

SHE. — Have you everything planned for our elopement, George?

HE. — Everything, darling; everything! We will get married at Niagara, write home the news from Montreal, at London write a letter for forgiveness, and from Paris we will cable for cash to get back home again!

### HIS REPLY.

GRABBEHEIMER. — T'ink apoudt it, mein friendt; only sefen tollar undt a kevarter for such a suidt uv glodes as dot! Dey vill not last, long at dot price.

FARMER MEDDERGRASS. — I 'm willin' to vum that they won't last long at any price, neighbor!

### THE DIFFERENCE.

LITTLE ELMER (*a thoughtful lad*). — Papa, what is the difference between a patriot and a politician?

PROFESSOR BROADHEAD. — Why, the former does it for fun, and the latter for the money there is in it.

### ACTIONS, ETC.

Actions speak louder, too, than looks?  
Perhaps there 's no reply exact,  
Though girls who look like thirty cents,  
Often quite like sixty act.

### ANOTHER OCTOPUS.

FIRST POPULIST. — By gum! I think this is about the wust scheme yet.

SECOND POPULIST. — What is it?

FIRST POPULIST. — It says here there 's a new company bein' formed to turn the hull atmosphere into liquid air an' then charge us fer turnin' it back ag'in so we kin breathe.

### POLITE.

She sat in his lap in a cable-car  
And her language I won't repeat;  
She blushed and arose, and he said: "Beg Par-  
Don; pray do keep your seat."

### A HOSTESS ON PARADE.

"What was it Myrtilla did that was so dreadful?"  
"Why, our literary club met at her house, and she wanted to show her new hat, so she wore it."

IT is well to remember that closing one's eyes to facts does not impair other people's vision.



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### AN UNDOUBTED CHAMPION.

WEARY WILLY. — Dat 's our golf champion.

NEW RECRUIT. — Wot 's his record?

WEARY WILLY. — He 's stole ten clubs, four balls, two caps and six medals in four weeks!



THE DISSOLUTION OF KNEEDLE & THRED; OR, THE STORY OF A FORCED MISFIT.



Mr. KNEEDLE.—A new suit, Mr. Small? Yes? I have goods here I know will suit you exactly.

JUST THE REVERSE.

By footlight fancies now upset  
Our solar systems are,  
For every night you'll see a son  
Revolve around a star.

IN THE INTERIOR.

FIRST CITIZEN.—What do they  
mean by a protected cruiser?  
SECOND CITIZEN.—I dunno, exactly.  
May be it's one that ain't built by  
foreign pauper labor.

HE HAD HEARD OF IT.

SHE.—Of course, you have heard of  
the theory that Bacon wrote Shakspeare's  
plays?

CHOLLY.—Aw—yes—aw—the idea is that Shakspeare  
was Bacon's *nom de plume*, is it not?

WHEN IT comes time for the last trump of the archangel,  
we presume some arrangement will have been made  
for the suppression of the encore fiend.

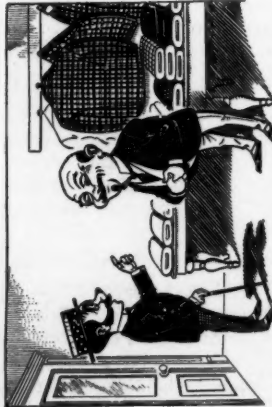


A PROPOSITION.

FIRST PORCUPINE.—You've heard of Shakspeare's allusion to the "fretful porcupine"?  
SECOND PORCUPINE.—Yes. What of it?  
FIRST PORCUPINE.—Well, it occurred to me  
that we might start a "Don't Worry" club.



"Now, what do you think of that for a  
swell thing? You like it? I thought you  
would. One moment; I will take your  
measure."



Mr. THRED (the next Wednesday).—So you  
called to try on your new suit, Mr. Small?  
Really, I don't know which is your suit, my  
partner, Mr. Kneedle, is out. Do you see it?  
Mr. SMALL.—Yes; there it is. I know the  
goods.



Mr. KNEEDLE (entering a few hours later).  
—Did Mr. Small call to try on his suit?  
Mr. THRED (angrily).—Did he call? Well,  
I guess! You must have been dopey when  
you measured him. The suit looked as if it  
had been made for a man weighing three  
hundred pounds. The cutter has to take it  
all apart and cut away half the goods.

PEOPLE WE MEET.

"Joe Gibbs is one  
of those irreligious  
canters."

"Irreligious can-  
ters?"

"Yes; he seems  
to want as much  
credit for being  
irreligious as some  
people want for be-  
ing religious."



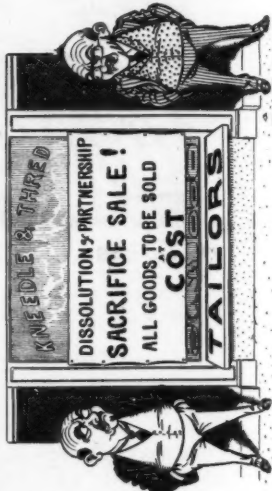
"Yes; that will do, thank you! Now, will  
you kindly call next Wednesday and try  
it on?"



Mr. THRED.—All right! Just step in there  
and put it on. I will call the cutter and have  
him make any necessary alterations.



Mr. KNEEDLE (in paroxysm of anger).—  
You blundering, block-headed, mud-brained  
idiot! You tried Bigger's suit on him. It is  
Bigger's suit you are cutting up. Small's suit  
is hanging in the closet.



(An hour later).—Ah! good-afternoon,  
Mr. Bigger! A new suit? Well, I have some-  
thing stunning. I know it will please you.  
Now, what do you think of that?



Mr. SMALL (as he emerges).—Look here!  
What do you call this—a fit?  
Mr. THRED.—For the love of heaven!  
Who measured you? Kneedle? He must be  
crazy! Cutter, make what alterations are  
necessary. We will have it ready for you  
to-morrow morning, Mr. Small.



UNCLE JABEZ.—Well, his wife ain't.  
TOO GOOD A FIT.  
MERCHANT.—Why, dey fit you like der paper  
on der vall!  
CUSTOMER (trying on suit).—By gum!  
That's just how they feel!  
MERCHANT (sagely).—Den you vill take dem?  
CUSTOMER.—Wall, not much! I want a suit  
that'll fit me like clothes on a man—not paper on a wall!



PEACE HATH her victories, but war does more advertising.



"Yes; it will make you a handsome suit.  
Now for your measure. That is all, thank  
you! Please call next Thursday and try  
it on."

OF ACHIEVEMENT.

All are architects of fate;  
Some build mansions, grand and great,  
Others find their small plot needs  
Just a life-long fight with weeds.

EDUCATIONAL.

"Oh, yes!" said the Wild Parrot;  
"I always take the children to the golf  
links if the afternoon is fair. A fat  
business man is learning to play, and  
the language he uses is a liberal educa-  
tion!"

A LOGICAL CONCLUSION.

"The true poet, I suppose, writes  
poetry because he simply can't help it."  
"Yes; and it seems to follow that nobody should write  
poetry who can help it."

THE USUAL RESULT.

YOUNG ENOCH (who has an inquiring mind).—Paw,  
when you drop a nickel into one o' them slot-machines  
what happens?  
FARMER BENTBACK (who has been  
there).—Ye see how easy it is for  
a durn fool to lose five cents!

NOT AMUSED.

UNCLE JABEZ.—Oh, no!  
everybody ain't laughin' at Reu-  
ben fer buyin' the green goods.  
He wishes everybody was.  
UNCLE HIRAM.—How's that?  
UNCLE JABEZ.—Well, his wife ain't.





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## ONE ON THE MONK.

THE MONKEY.—Aw, git out! You're a big lobster!

THE ELEPHANT (*hotly*).—Don't you call me a lobster—you can't make a monkey of me!

## THE "BIG-HEAD."



ALL the maladies that prey upon sufferin' humanity," said the Old Codger, somewhat sarcastically, "the most prevalent and pusillanimous is that bloatin' disease, the I-am-better-than-you-gotism, commonly known as the 'Big-head.'

"As a rule, the less genuine provocation therefor a person has the more puffed up he is with conceit. An entirely inconsequential man joins a lodge and gets elected High Ram of the Rankitank, or Worshipful Grand

Kack of the Innocuous Order of Incurable Imbeciles, and, lo! he will scarcely bathe in the same ocean with the rest of us. An irresponsible editor of an E-flat newspaper stultifies some hitherto-harmless dub as 'the Hon.,' and he presently quits work and goes to posin' in a supposedly-statesmanlike attitude on the corner by the First National Bank, and is totally valueless forever after. A well meanin' young man accumulates a little dab of education, a slight acquaintance with the ologies, and a school to teach; in an evil hour somebody calls him 'Professor,' and ere long he is weighted down with the idea that when he dies Wisdom will be buried with him.

"The very young doctor, with his mighty burden of medical-Latin and his awful self-confidence—I always pity humanity when I see him pompousing down the street, with a brow on him that bulges like the back of a snappin'-turtle and a look of profundity that would put to shame a treeful of owls. And it is something to make a thoughtful man shudder to see the very young doctor shake hands with the very young lawyer—that grand, gloomy and peculiar youth—and reflect how powerless we are against either of them. The mistakes of the former are destined to be buried six feet under the sod and those of the latter hung up about the same distance above it, and in both instances they are hopelessly beyond rectification. Thus it is that in the hands of some people the Big-head is often dangerous, as well as always annoyin'.

"A certain family is puffed with pride b'cuz they have on their faces the distinctive nose of their particular tribe, an unbeautiful protuberance handed down to them from some remote, and, very likely, malodorous ancestor. A churn-shaped lady is transmogrified, by an imaginative woman's-page writer, into a handsome and-so-forth society leader, and ever after carries her head as high and haughtily as a giraffe. Who is there who is not acquainted with at least one chronic dyspeptic who goes around

proudly boastin' that his disease causes him to endure the torments of the—er-h'm!—gosh-darned?

"I once knew a sere and yellow maiden, with a face on her that made you want to call for help every time you saw it, who walked with all the stiffness of a frozen skeleton, simply b'cuz she had traced her ancestry back to some feller that came over in the *Mayflower*. I always had a lively suspicion that, if she took after him to any great extent in the matter of looks, it was more likely that he came over at a different date and in a cage; but, anyhow, she was so proud of the relationship that a common person who lingered fifteen minutes in her immediate vicinity usually acquired a violent cold.

"A previously-worthy imbecile works off a litter of verses onto a purblind editor, and insists upon bein' petted and coddled all the rest of his natural life. A titterin' girl is flattered by sundry titterin' idiots of the opposite sex, and is accused by a newspaper of bein' beautiful and accomplished; and, behold you! she speedily grows ashamed of her lumpy old father, and a young man who don't happen to be either rich or a romantic liar can scarcely hand her a ripe peach on the end of a pole. And so it goes.

"The malady rages everywhere except among those who have some excuse for sufferin' from it. A poor, petty nobody is hugely hiked up b'cuz he is the second cousin of a man who is somebody, but when you meet Second Cousin Somebody, who really is something, you find him extremely docile and inoffensive. The man who actually is important—the wise statesman, the mighty soldier, the good and grand philanthropist, the great admiral; the men who work for the betterment and protection of their fellows, the men whose fame reaches to the four corners of the earth, and whose names are borne by myriads of soiled babies, triffin' dogs, and doubtful cigars—

these men are modest, unassumin', and without aggravatin' pretensions.

"Only those who know much know enough to know that they don't know all there is to be known; it is only the really great who do not try to be impressive—the rest of us waste much valuable time in tryin' to get our fellow-men to form opinions of us which we do not deserve."

Tom P. Morgan.



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## THE SIGNIFICANCE.

PERCY.—I dreamt last night that you had accepted me. What does that dream signify?

EDITH.—That you will marry me!

PERCY.—Ah! And when?

EDITH.—When you dream again!

SOME SOCIAL OBSERVANCES.

THE CALL.

THE COMMON or ordinary call is a mingling of pleasure and duty — of pleasure when we are referring to it in the presence of the one called upon, and of duty when we are talking to ourselves. It lies at the root of all social impulses. It is the foundation stone of Society. The lamentations of Mrs. Noah have not been recorded, but we know how badly she must have felt after that little freshet that took place some paltry centuries ago, to think there was no one left to send out cards to. Mrs. Noah, so to speak, had to raise her own callers, and then she was too old to enjoy calling as it ought to be enjoyed. When Mrs. Shem or Mrs. Japhet dropped in and remarked how pretty the artificial flowers in the glass case in the parlor were, and whether they were picked fresh that morning, Mrs. Noah no doubt had not the youthful vein of sarcasm to reply in a way that would show her caller the measure of her appreciation of something which she knew was intended to make her uncomfortable.

Since Mrs. Noah's time, women have gone on making calls more or less frequently, and men have avoided them, with much the same dogged persistence that has marked a Columbus or a Carlyle.

A man's idea about making a call is that it is one of the best and finest and most desirable and easiest things not to do; and he believes this a good deal more than he does religion or politics. The proposition in logic that all men are not callers, — Jones is not a caller, therefore Jones is a man, — is a fundamental axiom, and no one but a woman would ever think of contradicting it. The only time when the average man takes a genuine pleasure in a call is when he holds four aces.

The average woman, on the other hand, is a caller by nature, temperament, tradition, premeditated design and inclination. She not only calls to show what she herself has on, but also to find out if what the other woman has on is any better — thus killing two birds with one stone. The ordinary call is also to her a social training school, whereby she learns to talk without thinking. It is easier to talk without thinking when one is in a crowd, all doing the same thing, but one is apt to become self-conscious where there is only one other listening, and this in itself is good practice.

A call is not properly a call when there are more than two participants.



HE REMINDS HER.

THE WIFE (*to guest*). — In all the neighborhood there is not such another tippler as thou!

HER HUSBAND. — Gently, Dame, gently! Remember, he is not thy husband!

It then becomes a community of insipidity and is on the edge of being a function.

Among women, the common or ordinary call is complete when two women meet for twenty minutes to decide (1) which one has the better clothes; (2) which one has the better husband; and (3) which one has the better servant. It is then time to go.

HIS ENTHUSIASM.

"I'll be gol-popped if the editor of the *Plainedealer* ain't an enthusiastic cuss!" ejaculated honest Farmer Meddergrass, upon his return from an afternoon's stay in town.

"What makes ye think so, Lyman?" asked his good wife.

"Why, I heard in the village to-day that he was the recipient last week of an anonymous letter of a most insultin' kind, which caused him to start in to lick the whole vummed town that the writer of the note might not go unpunished. And they told me that he had n't met with any more serious opposition than a black eye and a skinned nose, so far."

CANDOR.

DEACON WATERS (*severely*). — Have you one single thing that you can honestly call your own?

SOILED SPOONER. — Yep; me t'irst!



DURING A WESTERN CYCLONE.

"How de do? What county do you hail from?"

THE PERSON who lives on hope is seldom troubled with obesity.

A LIGHT HEART is a blessing, except, perhaps, when it results from a light head.

THE FACT that money does not make the man seldom worries the man who is trying to make the money.



ACCOUNTED FOR.

EDITH. — They say he is independently rich.  
ETHEL. — Ah! Then he must be a bachelor.



PUCK.



# PUCK.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The subscription price of Puck is \$5.00 per year.  
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.  
Payable in advance.

KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,  
Publishers and Proprietors.

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## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

**THE ITALIAN MALADY.** THE ANARCHIST scare is running its regular course. The plot to rid the world of all its kings is exposed daily, the anarchists themselves being usually obliging enough to tell its secret details to the reporters. This is followed by reports of the extraordinary precautions taken to hedge this or that monarch from attack, and by spirited editorial demands that extreme measures be devised to stamp out the evil once for all. But pretty soon the talk dies out with the interest and no more is heard of anarchy until society hatches another freak, with the spirit of a Saviour and the mind of an ape, to offer himself for sacrifice. King Humbert is said to have remarked on the occasion of a former attempt to kill him that it was "one of the risks of the King business." He might have added that the King of Italy was exposed to more such risks than almost any other ruler; and that this condition would continue so long as Italy's governmental policy remains what it is. Government is the art of determining to a nicety the degree of imposition to which a majority of the people will submit. To go wide of the mark on either side is fatal. The Italian government has always overvalued the people's insensibility as a factor in this calculation. Italy is a fertile, generous land, tilled by a people to whom patient hard work and economy have all the authority of religion. But the Government has made the mistake of not leaving them enough of their earnings to live on, producing the combination of one of the richest countries and one of the poorest peoples that we know. This is the condition that spawns the killing anarchist: his stomach is never full enough to let him be a mere doctrinaire. And if it is n't convenient to kill his own King he would just as soon kill another. Kings are all alike to him. Carnot, Canovas, Elizabeth and Humbert were all killed by Italians. But the Government of Italy was the real criminal in every case. Either that Government must readjust itself, or other Governments will sooner or later have to do the job for it in sheer self-defence. Police surveillance will avail nothing—unless the police learn how to club an empty stomach full.

**TWO BROOKLYN REFORMERS.** ALDERMAN BYRNE of Brooklyn has had a change of heart or mind or something. He was going to pass a law to keep hand-organs and pianos off the streets; and now he is n't

going to. If a popular vote could be taken we suspect there would be a rousing majority for the retention of these vehicles of harmony. Many of us pretend to scorn their strains; but, if we were put to the test, we should probably elect not to banish them, out of a fine consideration for the masses, whose musical appetite is of course hopelessly vulgar, but who have, after all, a right to appease it. Nor can we admit the menace to public morality alleged to result from street pianos by another Brooklyn Alderman, Mr. Bridges. This gentleman has been told that little girls assemble and dance to the music. "They dance immoral in New York," says the chaste but unclassic Bridges, "and hold up their skirts and do the cancan." But may not Mr. Bridges be over-timid in the cause of virtue? We, at any rate, have for some years been gazing without shame at the scene which he aims to describe. Nay, we have on divers occasions, unblushingly subsidized the engineer and fireman of a street piano for no less a purpose than to provoke such dancing. For Mulberry street under PUCK's windows is the playground of eighty or ninety little girls, who live in compact layers in the tenement house opposite, and have no other place to play. And they all dance all the time, much as if they really had something to be happy about, but especially do they dance when there is music. We had not suspected that they dance "immoral" nor do we believe it now. True, a three-and-a-half or a four-year-old will now and then display a rather suggestive

abandon in the flip of her skirts and the tossing of her heels, but possibly she means nothing wicked than joy by it, and we are credibly assured by an observant traveler that the general effect is not that of the *Moulin Rouge*. As for the older dancers, girls of six and seven and eight, we have never beheld sterner decorum, nor a more self-conscious and truly affecting modesty. Further, we learn upon careful inquiry, that these little girls without exception bear unblemished reputations in the neighborhood in which they reside. Of course, they may grow up to go to barge-picnics up the Hudson, and to the "Grand Mask & Civic Ball of the P. J. Clancy Association—Ticket admitting Lady and Gent, 50 cents," but that is another batch of trouble. We wish these Brooklyn reformers would investigate a little before they try to make something of New York. Low-priced tickets to this city may always be had from gentlemanly agents at the other end of the bridge, night or day.

**CHINESE METHODS IN OHIO.** WHILE THE Chinese plan for suppressing heresy is to be reprobated as they practice it, we are not necessarily debarred from copying what there may be of worth in the principle. We note that the good people of Mansfield, Ohio, are gifted with the breadth of view necessary to the enjoyment of this advantage. Two Elders of the Zion Church having gone among them to spread the glad tidings of the Zion gospel, the prominent citizens of the town, after storming the barricade of the heretics, took them captives, removed their clothing and applied a liberal coat of paint to their bodies. The paint was blue, though whether this was the result of some esoteric symbolism or of blind chance, we are not informed. The point is that the Chinese theory is found worthy of trial by a Christian community. It seems all to depend upon who puts it into practice. No doubt it will prove efficacious and redound to the glory of God in Mansfield, Ohio. When there are so many comfortable creeds, we certainly should not care to join a church where you incurred the risk of being painted blue by your enthusiastic and contrary-minded neighbors. It smacks of ultra-ritualism.

## SOME LIVELY BILL-POSTING.

**FIRST BOXER.**—This European concert seems to be quite an extensive affair. At least, it is doing some elaborate advertising.

**SECOND BOXER.**—Yes; I understand, however, that this is to be its farewell tour in this country.

## PERHAPS NOT.

"The husband of the Dowager Empress, of course, is dead."  
"Oh, well! I suppose he does n't object to that."



## NO CHANCE TO ESCAPE.

**NEWLYWED.**—What is the right thing to do when your wife asks you for money and you have n't got it?

**OLETIMER.**—Oh! there is no right thing to do under those circumstances! Anything you do will be wrong!



AUGUST IN MADISON AVE.



THE "BETTER ELEMENT" IN HIS ELEMENT.

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ONE REASON IN FOUR

WHY THE "BETTER ELEMENT" NEVER HAPPENS TO GET A



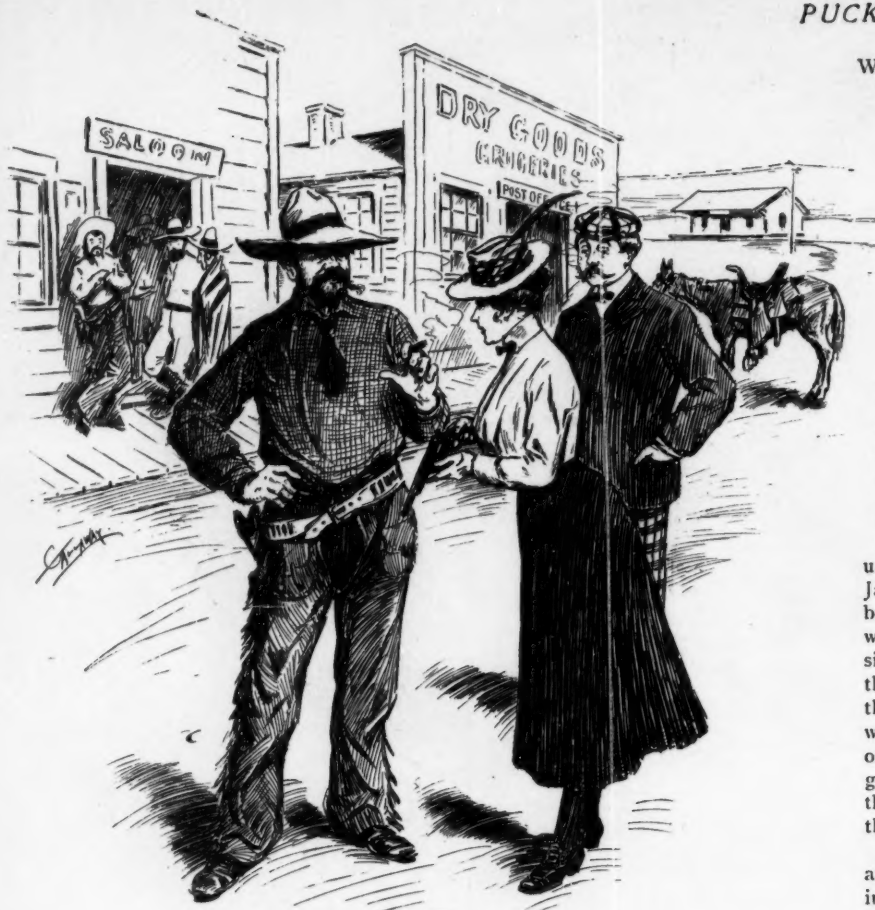


AUGUST IN MULLIGAN ALLEY.



THE WARD POLITICIAN MAKING "DIVES" POPULAR.

J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.



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#### HIS PREFERENCE.

SHE.—I think, if I ever killed a man, his face would haunt me as long as I lived.

HE.—Well, even so, Ma'am, I'd rather have him haunt me than have to start in hauntin' him!

#### THE TROUBLES IN CHINA.

LETTER OF AH HOW NOW, NEW YORK, TO AH BOW WOW, SHANGHAI.

MY DEAR HEATHEN FRIEND:—

I know that you, as a patriotic Chinaman, must be deeply interested in what is going on in our beloved country; and, of course, being a sensible man, you can't believe anything you hear in Shanghai. Therefore, I thought it might be



well to send you, from time to time, an account of the progress of events in China, gathered from the afternoon extras and other reliable sources of information in New York.

Of course, you are aware that it is a long time since the Western nations began sending missionaries to China. You see, the Christians were not having much luck in converting one another, so they thought they'd try it on somebody else. Besides, they never came anywhere near practising the doctrines they preached, and they wanted to see if other folks could do any better. At least, that is the way it looks to a heathen like me. Well, the missionaries, in some leisure hours, when they were not saving souls, wrote home their

views of the commercial possibilities of the country, and some British missionaries mentioned that the Chinese Government would not permit the importation of opium. The British opium traders were very indignant and the British Government shook its head sadly and decided that it must have an open door for opium. France took a hand on general principles, being very fond of a fight in those days, and the result was that China had to admit opium and cough up some real estate.

The missionaries increased in number, and, as time went on, the natives began to be apprehensive. "The first thing we know," said some of the more thoughtful Chinese, "this once happy land will be torn by dissensions over the higher criticism. We'll be struggling with questions of predestination and infant damnation and the revision of the creed. We'll be reading that the Reverend Mr. Wing Wung is being tried for heresy and that the presbytery, or whatever you call it, does n't know whether it is wise to split the party—I should say the church—by convicting him. We'll be shocked to hear that the superintendent of the Chow Chow Sunday School has gone off with the funds of the local bank.

We'll be holding church fairs and getting skinned out of our last tael by moon-eyed young ladies who will make us take chances on crazy quilts and tons of coal and banjos, and goodness knows what. We'll be playing progressive euchre, or perhaps we'll institute a game of progressive fan tan. We'll have church picnics which will invariably be spoiled by rain. We'll have sewing circles and our wives and daughters will make clothes for the Hottentots, even though we may need patches on our own. Our women will find out how much their shoes are envied by their Western sisters and will insist that they can wear two sizes smaller."

Now, these opinions—sound enough, it must be admitted—spread through the land and gave rise to an agitation against the missionaries. Unfortunately, two German missionaries were mobbed in Shantung, whereupon the Kaiser gave an additional twist to his moustache and annexed a million Chinamen, more or less. And Russia began to build the Siberian railroad. And we had that unfortunate quarrel with Japan, which gave everybody the impression that we were the easiest proposition on the map. And the only thing that worried the Powers was that when we came to be parceled out, somebody else would get too much. But just then the Boxers appeared on the scene.

But the mail is closing and I must reserve further information for another letter.

#### AN INFERENCE.

FIRST BOXER.—The Allies are still acting in harmony.

SECOND BOXER.—Good! Then they have n't whipped us yet.



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#### PUCKOGRAPHS.—LXVI.

A HAS-BEEN WHO WANTS TO BE AGAIN.

SHE MIGHT HAVE STAY THERE.

FIRST ENGLISHMAN.—

But, since Russia wished to put down the Boxer movement in China, why should not the Powers have allowed her to do so?

SECOND ENGLISHMAN.—Because after putting it down she might find it necessary to keep it down.

#### EXTREMELY IMPORTANT.

BENNET.—Have the Chinese made any important discoveries in recent years?

NEARPASS.—Why, yes! They have discovered that the European Powers want the earth.

#### RESENTED.

FRIEND.—He says you are in your prime.

MRS. BROWN.—The idea! I'm not as old as that!



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PUCK SUGGESTS A BATHING SUIT FOR STOUT LADIES.



# WHEN PA GOES UP TO TOWN.



**M** GETS up awful early, 'long 'bout three or four o'clock, And wakes the hired man so he can milk and feed the stock, And lights the kitchen fire then, and grinds the coffee mill, And bangs the pots and lids around the stove just fit to kill! And when she 's put the mush pan on and set the table chairs, She stands down at the kitchen-door and calls to me upstairs: "Now, Bob, just you get up to once and dress and hurry down; There 's lots to do this morning, for Pa 's going up to town!"

"T won't do to lie a-bed such times; obedience is best; And so I rummage in the dark and pretty soon I 'm dresst; And when I get downstairs there 's Pa a-stompin' round the place, Because the water ain't got hot for him to shave his face. And Ma, she sets me luggin' wood, and Sis, she comes down late Just awful cross; and Ma, she says, indignant-like: "Now, Kate, There ain't no use your being cross. You 'd better tell young Brown To stay away the night before your Pa goes up to town!"

Then Pa he cuts an awful gash, and Ma says serves him right; "There ain't no sense in trying for to shave by candle light." And Pa he swears and kicks the cat, and Ma she bustles round And gets some spider's web and stuff and plasters up the wound; And then the mush it goes and burns 'cause no one 's watchin' it, And Ma she grabs it off the stove just like she had a fit. "Good gracious, Kate! I s'pose you 'd stand and watch the house burn down! It does seem like you 'd help a bit when Pa goes up to town!"

Pa hurries through his breakfast, 'cause there ain't much time to spare, And growls, because the coffee 's weak, as cross as any bear; Sis says she "is n't hungry;" Ma, she sniffs and stirs her cup, And Jerry he comes in and says Pa 'd better hurry up.

And when they 're gone I sneak away out to the barn and crawl Into the mow and burrow down 'way over nigh the wall; And there I lie and sleep and sleep till dinner time comes roun'. Gee! home 's a mighty restful place when Pa 's gone up to town!

Richard Stillman Powell.

## GETTING HIM INTERESTED.

TEACHER.—Ikey, how many apples are eleven apples and thirteen apples?

IKEY GRABSTEIN.—I don't know.

TEACHER.—Well, can you tell me how many dollars are thirteen dollars and eleven dollars?

IKEY GRABSTEIN (*quickly*).—Twenty-four!

## RETAIL METHODS.

"Bah!" said the political boss; "these hypnotists make me tired."

"How?" asked his friend.

"Why, they control only one person at a time."

THE FIRST step in progress is discovering what not to do.

YOU WILL FIND, if you carefully note the results, that rubbing it in is a very expensive form of entertainment.

THE AVERAGE man's heart is easily reached by means either of food or of flattery. In a word, stuff him, and he's yours.

LOVE NOT only laughs at locksmiths, but, if current reports about Poverty coming in at the door are to be believed, at glaziers, also.



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## BREAD ON THE WATERS.

"De minister gimme a nickel."

"He did? An' what yer gwine ter do wif it?"

"Oh! I done gib it to Mammy to play policy fer me!"



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## HIS MISAPPREHENSION.

FARMER HONK.—I hear tell that that long-necked young city feller that is boardin' with you has got pajamas?

FARMER SUMMERTIME.—It's a durned lie! He's been at our house nearly two weeks now, an' he ain't drank a drop all the time.

## STRIKING BACK.

"I tell you, Congressman Grabmore is a fierce partisan of the Administration's," "What has he done?"

"Introduced a bill providing that the government publish a colored supplement to the *Congressional Record* in which to caricature its caricaturers."

## WAS DONE.

STRUCKOVLE.—I suppose while you were in Paris you did as the Parisians did?

NEWRICHE (*hotly*).—Do you mean to call me a robber?

BUT IN repeating herself History has her choice among a large repertoire of previous stunts.

WHEN IT comes to keeping a secret, men are worse than women!—with regard to the secret of success.

THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS.

# SOHMER PIANOS

Sohmer Building, 5th Ave., cor. 34d St. Only Salesroom in Greater New York.

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THE WHISKEY OF WHISKIES.



### RED TOP RYE

It's GOOD for the blues as well as for many more material ills. Haven't you some kind of an excuse for testing it now?

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St. Joseph, Mo., Cincinnati, O.  
Distillery: Louisville, Ky.

"A Genuine Old Brandy made from Wine."  
—Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.

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Young men and women looking for employment should send for our new circular—"Support Yourself While Learning a Profession." It is free. You can become a



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200,000 students and graduates. When writing, state subject in which interested.  
INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS,  
Established 1891. Capital, \$1,500,000.  
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### REDUCED RATES TO DETROIT VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

#### Account Knights of Pythias, Biennial Conclave.

For the Biennial Conclave, Knights of Pythias, at Detroit, August 27 to September 1, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets from all stations on its line to Detroit, at rate of single fare for the round trip.

Tickets will be sold on August 25, 26, and 27, good to return between August 28 and September 5, inclusive; but by depositing ticket with joint agent at Detroit not later than September 1, and the payment of fifty cents, return limit may be extended to September 14, inclusive.

Established 1823.

## WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.,  
Baltimore Md.

### A DUAL ROLE.

"Yes, indeed," young Mr. Borem reiterated; "I certainly am fond of broiled lobster. When I start eating it I make a regular glutton of myself."

"Also," she ventured, "a cannibal!"

When he thought of it the next morning the suspicion broke in upon him that there was some hidden meaning in that remark. — *Catholic Standard and Times.*

### SHE HAS NO CHANCE.

MISS GILGAL (reading).—"A girl in Pennsylvania has saved an express train from destruction by taking off her red petticoat and waving it as a signal."

MISS TENSPOOT.—Oh, dear! I could never do anything heroic like that!

"Why not?"

"Because I don't wear red petticoats." — *Detroit Free Press.*



### AFTER THE CRITICISM.

THE BROTHER ARTIST.—Now, just one moment! I was going to say that you have one important artistic qualification.

SHE.—Is it possible? What is it?

THE BROTHER ARTIST.—You know how to jump on a critic.

America's greatest beverage is *Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne*. It is the pure juice of the grapes naturally fermented.

"Live while you live, the epicure doth say, and grasp the pleasure of the passing day." To do it successfully, take Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters.

### THE SEASON'S ODOR.

MRS. HOUSER.—What a strong expression of annoyance is on Mr. Daintley's face!

MR. HOUSER.—Yes. He looks as if he were smelling moth-balls. — *Harper's Bazar.*

WOMEN can hate and love each other at the same time. — *Atchison Globe.*

Order some

## "Club Cocktails"

Sent Home To-day.



You will then have on your own sideboard a better cocktail than can be served over any bar in the world. A cocktail is substantially a blend of different liquors, and all blends improve with age.

The "Club Cocktails" are made of the best of liquors; made by actual weight and measurement. No guesswork about them. Ask your husband at breakfast which he prefers—a Manhattan, Martini, Whiskey, Holland Gin, Tom Gin, Vermouth or York—and then surprise him with one at his dinner.

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CHEW

## Beeman's

The Original

## Pepsin Gum

Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness.  
All Others Are Imitations.

## FOR MEN OF BRAINS Cortez CIGARS —MADE AT KEY WEST—

These Cigars are manufactured under the most favorable climatic conditions and from the mildest blends of Havana tobacco. If we had to pay the imported cigar tax our brands would cost double the money. Send for booklet and particulars.

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No. 37

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PUCK.

IF IN HASTE TAKE THE NEW YORK CENTRAL.





# FROM "JOHNNY GREEN."

LISTED in Chicago, an' they sent us over sea  
To fight the pesky Dagos, that poor Cuby might be free;  
An' then, when we an' Freedom struck a bargain, I declare  
They sent us to the Philippines to kill some niggers there!

An' now 't is sort o' rumored — kind o' floatin' on the breeze —  
They 're billin' us to Pekin for to lick the durned Chinese.  
I don't object to Dagos — ner to niggers, five or six; —  
But when it comes to Chinamen I want to raise some kicks.

Great-gran'dad fit at Bunker Hill an' giv the red-coats Cain;  
An' Gran'paw Jones, he left a leg back there at Lundy's Lane;  
An' Pa, he was at Gettysburg; — I 'll bet a nary one  
Had reckoned that away off here I 'd lug around a gun!

The eagle 's seen some funny sights; he 's gittin' fur from home —  
Much further than old Jefferson expected that he 'd roam.  
He 's pretty nerry — but, by jinks! although, of course, he 's tough,  
I dunno how his stomick stands all this here foreign stuff.

At firs' 't was only Cuby. Then we tuk 'im west by east  
Till he was 'bout as seasick as you ever see a beast!  
An' now he 's got so gol-durn fur that, re'ly, I suppose,  
It does n't make no diff'rence jes' exactly where he goes.

Edwin L. Sabin.

THE fellow who rides along without holding to his handle-bars is a smart aleck, and will break his neck sooner or later. This is written from the standpoint of a fellow who can't do it. — *Indianapolis News.*

"TALK ortn't to be relied on too much," said Uncle Eben. "'T ain' necessarily de man dat made de mos' New Year's resolutions dat 's goin' ahead livin' de mos' orderly an' 'spectable." — *Washington Star.*

BROWN. — Would n't that jar you?

BLACK. — What?

BROWN. — An earthquake. — *Norristown Herald.*

WE have noticed that the announcement of an engagement always comes from the bride's family, and that the groom's family are the most skeptical. — *Atchison Globe.*

BILL. — I see they won't let the automobiles in Central Park.

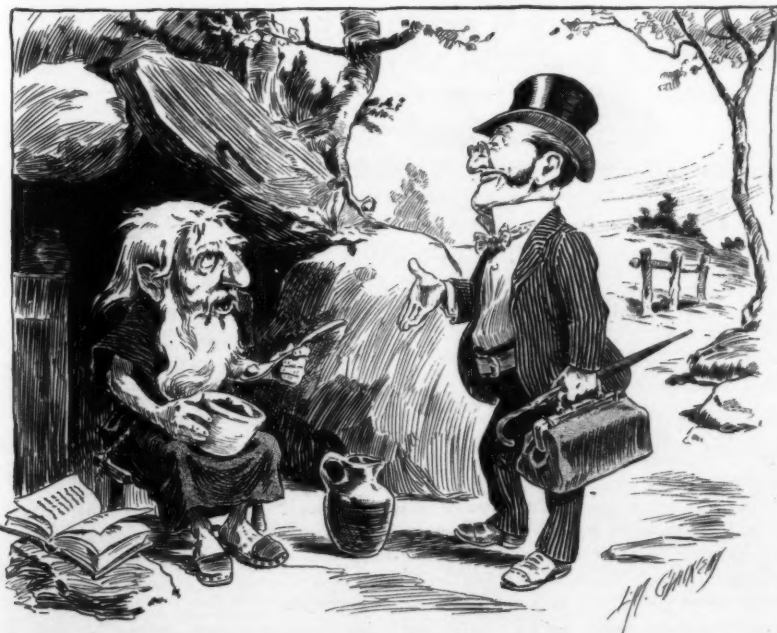
JILL. — No; I guess they 're afraid they 'd wake up the policemen. — *Yonkers Statesman.*

AN Atchison girl would be a good singer if she could refrain, while singing, from trying to make a rosebud of her mouth. — *Atchison Globe.*

LOTS of men think that because they work at hard work they are the only ones who make an honest living. — *Washington Democrat.*

WE have often wondered what the Weather Bureau would do if it were not for the word "probable." — *Washington Post.*

THE story about a prisoner scaling a twenty-five foot wall is n't as fishy as it sounds. Probably the wall was built of rock fish. — *Norristown Herald.*



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## THE HERMIT'S CHANCE.

ENTERPRISING AGENT. — Say, old man! for the trifling sum of six dollars I can fix up your cave with electric lights and bells.

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THE JOY OF GENERATIONS OF SHAVERS



LATHER that's Big, and Thick, and Creamy; that will not dry on the face, and that will soften the beard and make easy work for the razor:

LATHER that's Soothing, Comforting, Refreshing. These qualities have made Williams' Shaving Soaps the favorites with generations of shavers, all over the world.

Williams' Shaving Soaps are sold everywhere, but sent by mail if your dealer does not supply you.

Williams' Shaving Stick, 25 cts.      Luxury Shaving Tablet, 25 cts.  
Genuine Yankee Shaving Soap, 10c.      Williams' Glycerated Tar Soap, 15 cts.  
Williams' Shaving Soap (Barber's), 6 round cakes, 1 lb., 40 cts. Exquisite also for toilet. Trial cake for 2-cent stamp.

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Then their misery will be over  
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#### LEFT ON HIS HANDS.

SUBURBANITE.—This is the healthiest town on the line of the road.  
NEW YORKER.—You don't say?

SUBURBANITE.—Actual fact! Why, that new druggist was so foolish as to lay in twenty gross of malaria bitters last Spring, and darned if he did n't get stuck on nearly a dozen bottles!

#### A UNIQUE THEORIST.

"Why is it that so many great orators have failed to reach the presidency?"

"Don't you know why that is?" inquired Senator Sorghum, in surprise.

"No. I thought it was one of the mysteries of politics."

"It isn't any mystery whatever. Anybody knows that in order to be a truly great orator a man must implicitly believe in what he says. And a man who implicitly believes some of the arguments his constituents compel him to advance in a campaign ain't level-headed enough to be a President, and that's all there is to it."—*Washington Star*.

#### SURPRISING INFORMATION.

OLD LADY (pointing to elevated railroad).—Where do them cars go to?

CITY MAN (hurriedly).—Almost anywhere you want, Ma'm.

OLD LADY.—Land sakes! I thought they had to stay on the rails.—*New York Weekly*.

#### REINFORCEMENTS EXPECTED.

"Hully gee! A snake! An' dere 'll be eleven more of dem here in a minnit! I never see less dan a dozen at a time!"

#### A PRINCELY REWARD.

"Boy," said the wealthy man, beaming with gratitude, "you have done me a great service, and I am going to reward you."

"Oh! thank you, sir," gasped the small boy.

"Here in this small case," continued the millionaire, "is the first dollar I ever made. You may look at it. And here is a recent copy of the 'Clap-trap Magazine' which contains my article telling how I made it. Read it, and may heaven bless you!"—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

YEAST.—Won't you and your wife join our Whist Club?

CRIMSONBEAK.—No; the doctor says I must keep my wife as quiet as possible.—*Yonkers Statesman*.





# Pears'

What is wanted of soap for the skin is to wash it clean and not hurt it. Pure soap does that. This is why we want pure soap; and when we say pure, we mean without alkali.

Pears' is pure; no free alkali. There are a thousand virtues of soap; this one is enough. You can trust a soap that has no biting alkali in it.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

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**BRIGHTON Silk Garter**  
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715 Market Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

## RESENTMENT.

"Don't you sometimes feel that the Trusts are becoming arbitrary and high-handed?"

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum, reflectively; "sometimes I do. The day is not far distant when the Trusts will have to be disciplined. They don't recognize their obligations. Why, sir, I have known Trusts that I have toiled and talked for to so far forget their moral senses as to try to get off with a contribution of a paltry thousand dollars or so to my personal campaign fund."—*Washington Star*.

PROMISING men are so numerous that it is a great pleasure to meet a man who has actually done something.—*Atchison Globe*.



## THE INEVITABLE SEQUENCE.

JANE.—Willy got his feet soaking wet, and caught de croup.  
MARIA.—How did he come to git his feet soaking wet?  
JANE.—Mudder bought him a new pair uv rubber boots!

A DRESS is pretty with holes in it if the holes are embroidery.—*Wash. Democrat*.

Headaches and loss of appetite are common complaints in the Spring. Try *Dr. Siegel's Angostura Bitters* and beware of cheap domestic substitutes.

As you throw away the stub of a cigar, it seems easy to quit.—*Atchison Globe*.

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Account G. A. R. Encampment.

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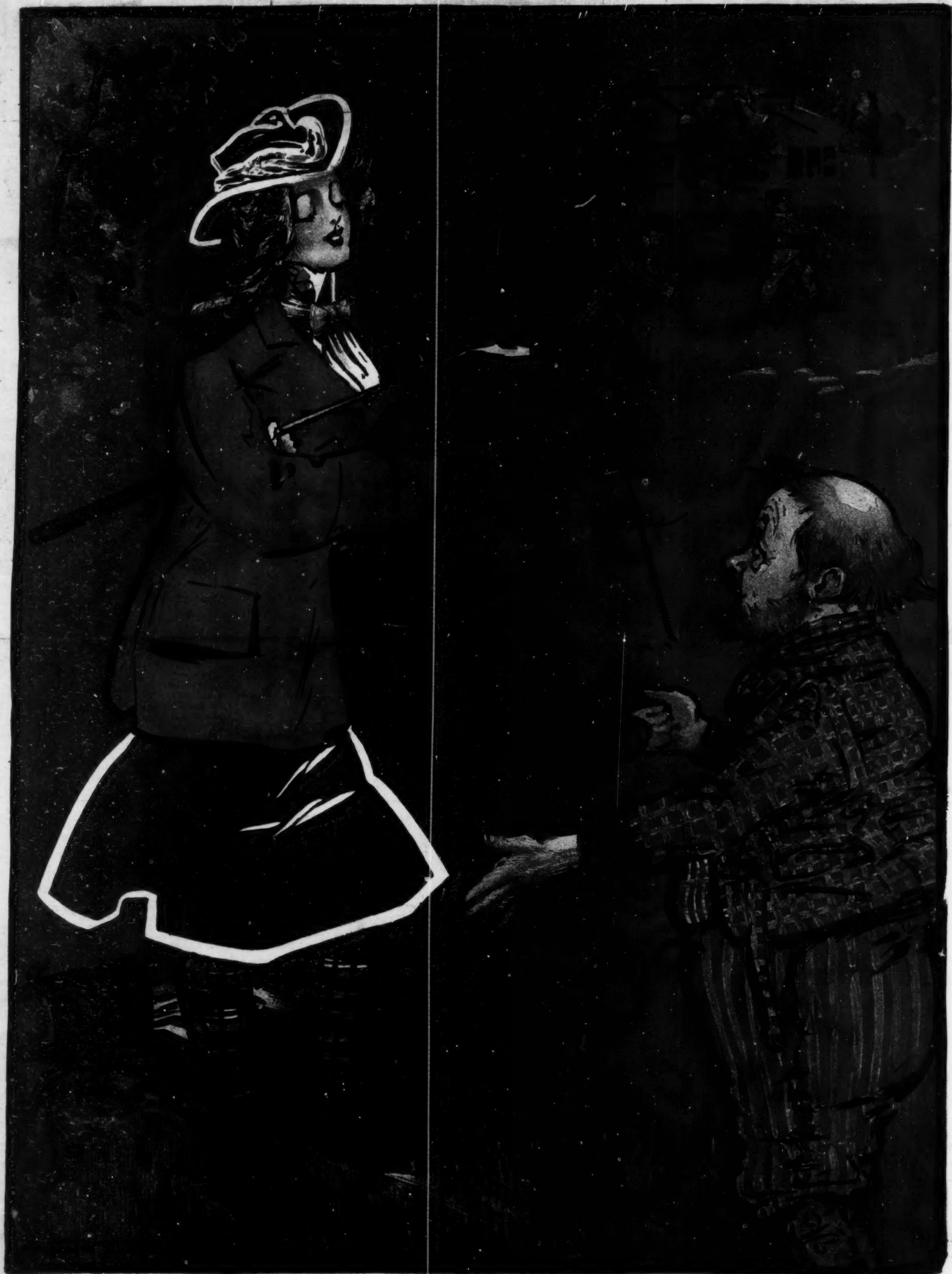
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- 107. **Knights of the Road.** Being Puck's Best Things About Dusty Rhodes & Co.
- 106. **Scorchers.** Being Puck's Best Things About the Wheel-draft World.
- 105. **Jim-Cracks.** Being Puck's Best Things About the Mixed and Motley Multitude.

- No. 104. **Grab-Bag.** Being Puck's Best Things About Mixed Mugs.
- 103. **Our Landlady.** Being Puck's Best Things About The Billous Boarder.
- 102. **Pop Corn.** Being Puck's Best Things About Frosty Fads and Fancies.
- 101. **Josh.** Being Puck's Best Things About Our Rural Relatives.
- 100. **Wrinkles.** Being Puck's Best Things About Human Quips and Quibbles.
- 99. **In the Push.** Being Puck's Best Things About The Perspiring Populace.
- 98. **Snaps.** Being Puck's Best Things About Happy Humanity.
- 97. **Red Hot.** Being Puck's Best Things About The Sizzling Summer Time.
- 96. **Our Girls.** Being Puck's Best Things About Fair Femininity.
- 95. **Wheelers.** Being Puck's Best Things About "Bikes" and Other Wheels.
- 94. **Hurly-Burly.** Being Puck's Best Things About Rush and Racket.
- 93. **Shamrocks.** Being Puck's Best Things About Irish Fun and Failings.
- 92. **Young America.** Being Puck's Best Things About The Rising Generation.
- 91. **Film Flams.** Being Puck's Best Things About Social and Other Bunco Games.
- 90. **Holly Berries.** Being Puck's Best Things About Holiday Happenings.
- 89. **Jumbles.** Being Puck's Best Things About a Much Mixed Multitude.
- 88. **Ink Slingers.** Being Puck's Best Things About The Men Who Know It All.
- 87. **Chumps.** Being Puck's Best Things About The Farical Featherweight.
- 86. **In the Swim.** Being Puck's Best Things About The People "In It."
- 85. **Lonesomehurst.** Being Puck's Best Things About Suburban Weal and Woe.
- 84. **Mugs.** Being Puck's Best Things About Farical Features.
- 83. **On the Go.** Being Puck's Best Things About The Summer Stampede.
- 82. **Spring Sprouts.** Being Puck's Best Things About Garden and other Truck.
- 81. **Hodge-Podge.** Being Puck's Best Things About Things and Thingumbobs.
- 80. **Frills.** Being Puck's Best Things About Faddy Folks.
- 79. **Weary Raggles.** Being Puck's Best Things About The Man from Nowhere.
- 78. **Sleigh-Bells.** Being Puck's Best Things About Winter Wrinkles.



THE DOWNWARD PATH.

MISS CLEEK. — How did you come to form the tramping habit?  
WEARY WALKER. — I started out by being a golfer, Mum!